

of collodion, iodine, laudanum, carbolic acid, bichloride tablets, oil cloves, essence peppermint, Jamaica ginger, syrup ipecac, paregoric, sweet spirits of nitre, tr. nux. vomica; lavender salts (small-sized bottle); two white enamel bowls to fit one underneath the other, one four and one-half inches across, the other five and one-fourth inches across.

On one door of the closet inside can be hung a corkscrew, small funnel for filling bottles, and a pair of scissors. On the other door can be hung a thumb forceps, teaspoon, small spatula, and a pincushion. It is well to have a list of the contents of the closet on one of the doors in order to replace anything that is lost.

On top of the closet there is a convenient space for standing a pitcher, pus basin, funnel, and two measuring glasses of different shapes, one to be used only for urine.

On the spaces on either side can be hung a bath thermometer, brush for washing bottles, a flattened wooden spoon for poultices, a hot-water bag, and a fountain syringe in a linen bag.

Underneath can be hung two sizes of saucepans.

HYGIENE OF THE HOUSEHOLD

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How frequently we hear in these days (notwithstanding the modern, scientific improvements in housekeeping) our "home-makers" exclaim, "Oh! if I had more time, how much I could accomplish!" and the conventional answer, "You have all the time there is," though undoubtedly correct, is such poor consolation that it must surely proceed from one of "Job's comforters."

The only true way to solve this problem of time is resolutely to cut out of our lives the unnecessary things, and so make room for those that are really worth while.

Would it not be feasible to apply this theory to the daily routine of home-life, simplifying it in many ways, so that worry—that dangerous little microbe which undermines the health and happiness of many housewives—shall have far less cause for existence. It is the fussing over little, insignificant trifles relating to the domestic economy that takes up the time and strength and eventually breaks down the nervous force of so many women.

There is such a thing as even the virtue of cleanliness becoming almost a vice when carried to the extreme under all circumstances, as

exemplified in the case of one over-particular housewife I know, who always insists on the outside steps and railing being washed on a certain day, even if the rain be coming down smartly. The same exacting housewife has a strict catalogue kept of her linen-closet, and makes it a rule that anyone who takes out a piece of linen, from a tablecloth to a duster, must write in a book the number of articles and the date they are used. As the whole house is conducted along these fixed lines, small wonder that the family find home-life a burden, with the reiterated warnings to be careful of the furniture, not to carry dust over the polished floors, never to leave a book or magazine out of place, or disturb the sofa-cushions, chairs, etc., etc.

Undoubtedly a certain amount of order and regularity is necessary in the home-life; on the other hand, our home is the one corner of the world where we relax from the conventionality of life, and the keynote is comfort and rest.

When it comes to the choice of being called either a perfect house-keeper or a companionable wife and cheerful mother, with time and strength to be interested in her children's happiness, who would hesitate between the two? Rather, far, a little laxness in the domestic routine than a worn-out woman on the verge of nervous prostration because the day is not long enough to permit her to carry out her purposes.

It is a good plan to review briefly each morning the duties and obligations of the day, portioning out the time to be devoted to work, rest, and recreation, three duties of equal importance in the lives of all men and women.

Something is out of gear when the "home-maker" wakes up each morning with the thought heavy on her heart and brain that she has more to accomplish in the next twelve hours than one head and two hands were ever intended to do. Real duties never conflict, so it is time to sift out the chaff from the wheat.

One of the "unnecessary" causes for care and worry is the accumulation of half-worn and useless possessions.

When a new household article is bought the old one is frequently stored away in garret or closet on the chance that at some remote period it might be found useful. In nine cases out of ten the chance never comes, and after accumulating a vast amount of dust and old age it is finally consigned to the rubbish-heap.

I have been in garrets packed full of furniture and clothing that cause a world of trouble and anxiety in the spring house-cleaning, for fear of the "moth and rust that doth corrupt," with never a thought of the comfort and help they would bring to the homes of the less fortunate ones of the earth.

Not only in garrets and closets do useless articles collect, but one

often enters a family sitting-room that makes the heart sad when thinking of the poor, tired woman who has to care for it day by day, dusting and arranging the dozens of trifles accumulated.

When the day is planned and the household machinery is running smoothly the "home-maker" frequently sits down for a morning of sewing or mending, and again we touch the question of ventilation. I think we may take it for granted that fresh air in the sleeping-room has become widely popular, but what about fresh air in the room where we work? When there is a room set apart for sewing, it is usually shut up when not in use, and few women think of airing it before sitting down to their work. Even should the workroom have the window opened for half an hour in the morning, the fresh air is soon used up, and after bending over her work for a couple of hours the housewife rises oftentimes with a nervous headache that remains in her company the rest of the day.

It is easy to become absorbed in one's work and to take no thought of time; besides, when doing a difficult piece of sewing one does not like to be disturbed; but a moment will throw open the window, and half a dozen deep breaths of outside air and a peep at heaven's vault of blue will send one back to the sewing with such a light heart and clear head that difficulties will melt away like snow before the sun.

Another part of housekeeping that might be simplified to great advantage has to do with the daily question, "What shall we eat?"

Of all household problems this one causes most anxiety to the faithful housewife. It is simple enough to fall into a routine and order the same dishes time and time again because it saves trouble; on the other hand, in a "maid-of-all-work household" it never pays to go in for experiments or new ventures, or the outcome will be that the mistress spends the hours in the kitchen which rightfully belong to rest and recreation. Even the most simple made-up dishes take time and a certain amount of nervous energy to concoct, and yet variety is the necessary spice to maintain a good appetite. One tired housekeeper expressed a wish that some new animal might be created to vary the monotony of beef and mutton. Perhaps one solution of the riddle is found in not ordering too large a supply at one time; in the end it is but poor economy, as most families rebel against warmed-over scraps,—apart from the knowledge that they lose their nutritive qualities when cooked for the second time,—and the housewife feels loth to buy fresh material with the remains of two or three days' dinners still in the refrigerator. It takes more thought to plan out the housekeeping on the scale of simplicity with an equal balance of good living and economy, but who will doubt that it is among the "worth whiles" of life?

(To be continued.)